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|-------------------------------------|----------------|
| Ethel Emmert, Benton, Iowa,         | .10            |
| Hattie E. Foster, Warsaw, Ind.,     | .10            |
| Jacob C. Sherbahn, Williamson, Pa., | .10            |
| Previously Acknowledged,            | 22.35          |
| <b>Total,</b>                       | <b>\$23 60</b> |

*Dear Editor* :—I am six years old. Other little boys and girls are writing you letters and I will try too. I am glad to have ten cents for the Chicago Mission which I earned by sewing carpet rags. Brother McFaden was our pastor in Carleton, Nebr. I know that he is a good man and will take care of the Chicago children. I would like to see them.

Greenville, Ohio.

HOPE BECKLY.

*Dear Editor* :—I am a little boy going on six years old. I go to the Brethren Sunday-school every Sunday morning. My grandfather, Jacob Klock, is our superintendent. We have preaching every four weeks on Saturday evening and on Sunday morning and evening. Mr. Joshua Long of Downsville, Md., is our pastor. He is a good speaker and is liked by all. My grand parents, my parents and aunt belong to the Brethren church. Enclosed find ten cents for the Chicago Mission.

JACOB C. SHERBAHN.

Williamson, Pa.

*Dear Editor* :—I will write my first letter for the children's column. I go to Sunday-school. My teacher is Mrs. Della Teeter. She is visiting at her home in Ohio. Mr. Roy Teeter is our pastor. He is holding a revival at Brighton, Ind. I will be glad when they come back. I would love to see them. They have been gone since the week before Christmas. I am ten years old. Mamma and my sister and I are members of the Brethren church. Our church is going to send a box of provisions to Brother McFaden in Chicago to help feed the poor. I will send ten cents for the Mission.

MATTIE RICHARDSON.

Cambria, Ind.

*Dear Editor* :—I like to read the children's letters. I thought I would write one too. I go to Sunday-school as often as I can. My ma and pa belong to the Brethren church. I will join it too some day. I love the Lord. I want to do something for him. I will send ten cents for the Chicago Mission. I am seven years old. This is my first letter. I will close by asking a question, How many wives had Solomon? If this escapes the waste basket I will write again.

Mich.

RUTHIE RUPE.

*Dear Editor* :—This is my third attempt to write for the children's page. We have a Junior Society. As I live in the country I do not get to go very often. I go to Sunday-school whenever I can. My teacher is sister Maud Baker. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Lura Thomas. She has been sick all week and we did not have any school. We have thirty-two scholars. I am twelve years old. We have revival meeting now. Brother C. F. Yoder is our pastor. I like him very well. He has so many friends here. My mother, sister and I belong to the Brethren church. I joined last winter. My papa is dead. O, how we all miss him and always will. We are staying all alone. I will send ten cents for the Chicago Mission. I will ask a question. Who was first buried in a coffin?

Warsaw, Ind.

HATTIE E. FOSTER.

*Dear Editor* :—I will write a few lines for the children's column. This is my first attempt. I am eleven years old. We have no Brethren Sun-

day-school at Newmarket. I attend the M. E. My teacher's name is Mrs. George Windle. I have one sister. Her name is Effie. I have two brothers, Sammie and Charlie. I will send ten cents for the Mission. I will close by asking a question. Whom did Jesus bless and say "Of such is the kingdom of heaven?"

Newmarket, Va.

WILLIE F. FOGLE.

*Dear Editor* :—As I have not written for the paper for some time, I will now write. We have a nice snow and sleigh bells are jingling everywhere. My mother and sisters and I belong to the Brethren church. Our pastor, Mr. Byers, is a good preacher. My Sunday-school teacher is Mr. Slotter. My school teacher is Miss Grace Stevens. I have not been absent or tardy from school since it began. My sisters are at Hiram college teaching music. I am eleven years old. I will close by asking a question. What is the shortest verse in the Bible?

Ashland, Ohio.

ARTHUR BERKLEY.

*Dear Editor* :—I was requested by the society to write for the EVANGELIST. We have organized a K. C. of C. E. We started with fifteen members but I hope it will increase. Walter Nowag is President; Earl Musser, Secretary. Our meetings have been very interesting. We have had addresses by grandpa Holsinger, Messrs. Seibert, Mengas and others. These are very instructive as well as entertaining.

Berlin, Pa.

CLEO NOWAG.

*Dear Editor* :—I will again write a few lines for the Children's Department and also enclose ten cents for the Chicago Mission. I attend school every day as we only live a few rods from school. I have one little baby brother five months old today. We would like to attend some of those good revival meetings we read about in the EVANGELIST. We have no Brethren church here, but hope we may have sometime. Our nearest church is Leon, about forty miles from here.

Benton, Iowa.

ETHEL EMMERT.

#### HOW THE BEARS HELPED ONE ANOTHER.

Bob Bruin was a good young bear that minded what his father and mother said him.

"When you take a walk out of the forest," said Mr. and Mrs. Bruin to Bob, "don't go near those houses. Men live in them, and they treat bears very badly."

"What do they do to the bears?" asked Bob Bruin.

"Oh," said Mr. Bruin, "sometimes they kill us and eat our flesh. Sometimes they tie a great log to our legs so that we cannot run."

"Ah," said Bob, "but I would bite them."

"To prevent that they will tie a great muzzle on your mouth; so keep away from them, Bob."

Bob promised to obey, but one day while walking outside of the wood, he fell into a pit.

He roared so loudly that Mr. and Mrs. Bruin came running to see what was the matter.

When they came to the pit they saw some nuts, and fruit and buns lying on the grass.

So Mr. and Mrs. Bruin made a step forward to get these nice things, when down they went into the pit where Bob was with the buns and nuts.

They found that the food had been laid on twigs and leaves across the pit, which was dug as a trap for them to fall into. But how to get out was the trouble.

After a while Mrs. Bruin got on top of Mr. Bruin's shoulders, and so scrambled out of the pit.

"Now, Bob, you do the same, and I'll tell you how you may help me out," said his father.

So Bob got out of the pit as his mother had done.

"Now," said Mr. Bruin, "go to the woods and bring a stout branch of a tree." They did so, and placed the end at the bottom of the pit.

"Now hold the end tight to the top, very tight indeed," said Mr. Bruin, "and I'll try and climb up."

So Bob and Mrs. Bruin held the branch at the top of the pit, and Mr. Bruin, who could climb very well, managed to scramble out of the pit.

They all went home again to the forest in safety, and had a long talk about men and their tricks to catch poor bears in their pits.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruin told Bob they hoped he would learn a lesson from this experience.—*Exchange.*

#### LONG AGO.

Many, many years ago

Grandma lived—she told me so—

In a great big house, she said;

And she slept upon a bed

Tall and high—so big, almost

Children might be lost.

Round the house sweet flowers grew,

Herbs too—thyme and sage and rue.

High-backed chairs, a queer spinnet,

Fire place, too, with spider legs;

Cups and saucers thin as eggs;

Spinning wheel that spurn their thread,

These were in the house, she said.

Grandma wore a flowered gown,

And a little hat tied down;

Shoes with red rosettes she wore;

Open was her gown before,

Showed a skirt of quilted stuff;

Then she was dressed quite fine enough,

All these things to church she wore,

But at school a pinafore.

Grandma called her teacher "Dame,"

Wasn't that a funny name?

Folks then traveled in a stage,

And it seemed to take an age

Just to go a little way;

Now it wouldn't take a day.

Grandma says: "My! how things change!

Nowadays things seem so strange!"

Will it seem as strange to me?"

When I am as old as she?

Will I tell grandchildren so?

Will they call this "long ago?"

—*Selected.*